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E.V. Scott

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Namese campaign. Today Ho Chi
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stir from the path of 100 per cent
Communist orthodoxy.

Forward To Neutrality

Despite these centrifugal economic and military pulls, many of the newly-independent States appear to be drawn together by centripetal or coalescing forces. Perhaps the greatest factor propelling this movement is the tradition of struggle against all outside control, whether from the Anglo-Americans or Communists. As the October conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in India demonstrated to those who had not before realised it, educated Asians view any Western effort today in the light of their experience with Western imperialism over the past two hundred years. They still bear the mental scars of their incarceration in British, French and Dutch jails. Since the leaders of these new nations are mostly recruited from the propertied classes they also regard the Communist world with considerable suspicion and antagonism.

Many of the recently-freed nations also feel that their political independence is still to be recognised as a working reality by the outside world. Their feeling is that — despite the postwar revolutionary upsurge and the new States which have been created — their part of the world is still very much run by the white man and the Atlantic powers. The Atlantic powers, particularly Britain, do make an effort to get Asian powers, particularly India, to *come along* on decisions. But there is not the feeling that even India is a real *party* to the decisions reached.

The new States also blame the West for their backward economic state and crushing poverty. They feel this is a product of imperialism which has develo
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historian, has summed up the ge
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"Thus the Asian peoples are up
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"However mistaken such se
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If the policies of the newly in
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certainly those of Egypt frequen
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If they have the strength to
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The jacket cover design is taken from an issue of the Deccan Herald, 1950. The imprint bears the names of the editor and that of the news and production editor.

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For

Philomena Scott, who faced the years so soon after our marriage with great fortitude.

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FOREWORD

How many journalists can say that they launched a newspaper single-handed? Yes, single-handed! If that is not something to be proud about what is? And I have left it very late in my life to say anything about my achievement. Why? Simply because no-one in England would have believed me. And yet, those who were there in the early days of Deccan Herald know that it is true. This brief interval in my life might very well have been forgotten, had I not lived long enough to see the approach of the jubilee on 16 June 1998 marking fifty eventful years of Deccan Herald. The paper has been in continuous publication first as a tabloid and then as a broadsheet - the changeover was managed without the loss of a single edition - since that distressing day in 1948 when we opened to the world, and nearly closed down again! Deccan Herald would never have appeared had it not been for C.G.K Reddy. As general manager and my trusted confidant he played a crucial role in convincing the directors of whom Mr. K.N. Guruswamy was the motivating force, that an English newspaper could succeed and beat off challenge from the newspapers that had already established themselves in a city that, in 1948, held out little promise of what it was to become within ten years. Bangalore, now the shining silicon city of India, is still growing. But a stop to its growth must come. In the meantime, no-one can predict with any certainty the changes in newspaper production and in our own reading habits that must be inevitable with the surging advance of new technology. Whatever the changes, Deccan Herald will be ready for them. The new masters who control Deccan Herald are unlikely to relinquish their hold on the precious gift that has been bequeathed to them.

E. V. Scott
Langford

DECCAN HERALD - THE FIRST FIVE YEARS

Deccan Herald celebrates its golden jubilee in 1998. I am the only one of three principal working founder members, the others being C G K Reddy and Pothan Joseph, who is still living. I have written this memoir of my term as the first news editor and production editor from 1948 to 1953. My task was to start Bangalore's first national English daily, using all the latest means of production that were available at that time.

No newspaper anywhere in the world has got off to such a disastrous and shaky start as Deccan Herald. For weeks a skeleton staff, who were being trained in their job, had been producing dummy editions of a tabloid newspaper, in itself an innovation as far as daily morning newspapers were concerned in India, under my watchful eye.

June 16 was the day chosen for the publication of the first issue which, by newspaper standards in India in 1948, would break new grounds in many respects. First, it was a daily morning tabloid. Secondly, it was using in Bangalore, then a sleepy town with a population predominantly of pensioners, all the best news services it could afford (Reuters and Press Trust of India were coming over from Bombay by teleprinter) and a large local reporting staff had been appointed. Thirdly, half-a-dozen Linotype machines, capable of setting up to 36 point, supplemented by a large quantity of unusual and distinctive handset type, had been purchased to enable me to produce a bright, attractively designed newspaper.

The staid front pages which I had learnt to produce in The Times of India and which resembled the standard front page appearance of most newspapers in India, were being shoved aside. Even the inside pages were to be designed, splashing type boldly to state the message of its stories. By varying the width of type intricate and appealingly designed pages could be developed.

Newspaper design had never been taken seriously in India. For many years the principal newspapers, being English owned, were considered to be leaders in the field. But their senior editorial staff were largely recruited from conservative (large & small c!) journals in England where newspaper style hadn't kept up with the pacemakers in Fleet Street - the tabloid press.

It had been my intention to produce a newspaper that would make an immediate impact by newspaper display, even though I knew it would be highly improbable that I could train reporting staff to write the punchy, abbreviated reports which were then in vogue among the journalists of Fleet Street.

The dummy editions had been going very well. Those who had seen them, especially the directors and those who were not so knowledgeable about my intentions, expressed their surprise and may have secretly expressed their dismay. It was easy to throw doubt into their minds, and rival newspapermen were quick to do that. But as far as I was concerned there was no turning back.

At this stage it is necessary to mention that the arrival of Deccan Herald in Bangalore was hardly welcomed by the three leading Madras newspapers, not to speak of the local rag, the Daily Post. They had the field to themselves until our arrival, swelling their circulation by many thousands of copies which were brought in by train.

The Mail was an evening broadsheet which arrived in Bangalore the following morning. The Mail had been driven to prominence by an English-born editor, who had a large and faithful following among the considerable British and Anglo-Indian community of Bangalore. Then there was The Hindu, that had been vying with the Indian Express for paramountcy in the City. The local correspondents of these newspapers held immense sway among the cognoscenti. To these reporters the imminent publication of Deccan Herald was something of a joke. All of them firmly believed that it would collapse within a few months, even days - and they must have thought they were right in thinking so when the great day dawned for the first issue of Deccan Herald.

* * * * * *

In the editorial department, everything was under control. The trouble began in the machine room. There a large German-made flat-bed rotary press had been installed, a European engineer was responsible for training the machine room superintendent, K. Somasunderam, who knew a Linotype machine like the back of his hand, but unknown to the general manager was experiencing some trouble in setting the rotary machine to cut each newspaper at the correct place.

As we neared publication date, it became all too obvious that our fanfare on June I6 would be somewhat muted. The rotary press

was cutting the newspaper in the middle of the page! Nothing that Somasunderam could do would put that right, Belatedly, help was sought, but the engineer could not reach Bangalore in time to save our faces.

CGK Reddy, our general manager, and the other principal working founder member, had enough problems on his hands, and least expected to have to cope with an embarrassing situation such as this. Rival newspapermen wagged their tongues in delight, and said: "I told you so, Deccan Herald's days are numbered."

There were possible panicky feelings among the two major directors, Mr. K. Guruswamy and Mr. K. Venkataswamy. They had sunk many lakhs of rupees into this highly risky venture - risky because all their immense wealth had been amassed on much surer grounds. Now on the inauguration day of Deccan Herald, they would be the laughing stock of those who had warned them not to tread on such dangerous ground.

Reddy had to call upon the goodwill of a Kannadiga newspaper proprietor to print a few hundred copies of the first issue. The production was far from good, but something was better than nothing. For the scores of carefully chosen personalities, who had been invited to the opening ceremony, a visit to the machine room was definitely off! The Linotype room yes, but not in the machine room where people were expecting to see the evening edition being rolled off the press. In the pit, Somasunderam was still sweating and swearing, hoping that more by luck than by expertise he would hit upon the magic setting that would save his skin - and ours too.

For all the new staff that had been appointed, the first day must have shaken their confidence in the survival of this venture. Another failed newspaper would have been a common enough experience. It says something of the tremendous courage of the general manager that such a calamitous upset did not kill off the fledgling.

From such a shaky beginning, Deccan Herald began to build gradually on its foundations. Usually the first issue of any

newspaper is guaranteed to be a sell-out, people will buy a copy more out of curiosity than for any other reason. But in Deccan Herald's case not a single copy was sold, most of those that were printed were given away to those who wanted them. Even I did not keep a copy, and I doubt whether one found its way into our bound files. Deccan Herald continued to be printed outside the premises until our errant press could be brought to do its job properly. By that time much of the initial groundwork with newsagents had suffered, and contacts the editorial staff had sought had to be rekindled.

Circulation was dreadful after this initial blow, and advertising revenue minimal. Luckily for us we had the biggest name in Indian journalism as the editor. Pothan Joseph was the doyen of Indian editors even before he joined us from the Indian Express where he had been unhappy. The man who put Dawn, Jinnah's newspaper in Calcutta on its feet, and had helped an ailing Indian Express to survive, had thrown in his lot with unknowns in this treacherous field of launching a newspaper.

His voice had been stifled for the first few days, and his famous column "Over a cup of tea" could not reach the thousands who craved to read it. His views, always trenchant and controversial, were brandished with skill and erudition, and written in language that was inimitably his alone. Although we had no library to boast about, PJ's phenomenal memory, total recall and vast grasp of the political stage enabled him to produce leaders and articles that were the delight of all. He helped to keep Deccan Herald afloat.

* * * * * *

It was a stifling hot afternoon in Bombay. I was sleeping off a few beers guzzled in a pool room at Colaba, preparing myself for another taxing and tiring night in The Times of India when I was rudely awakened.

Standing over my bed was CGK (as he was affectionately known wherever the printed word is read) a broad grin on his

face. "How would you like to come to Bangalore to start a newspaper," he said. I was in no mood to listen to such foolish talk. My afternoon nap was more important to me than anything else at that precise moment. CGK made me sit up and take heed of all he had to say. I had known him since our days on the Dufferin (1936-38) and after that in our chummery in Calcutta where, as engineering apprentices, we spent many idle hours teasing our lecturers at evening classes, mastering bridge, and indulging in the wildest of pranks. From 1942 to 1947 I had lost all contact with him. I thought he had been lost at sea, his ship sunk by a Jap submarine, whereas I had been lucky to survive the many doomed convoys that left Calcutta after the tragic fall of Rangoon. Sunk he had been, and had suffered terribly as a prisoner. His own tale is told more dramatically than I could in his book Baroda Conspiracy.

For some months, after he showed up in Bombay in 1947, we dabbled in all sorts of literary exercises, attempting to write and produce works together. None of them saw the light of day. Then suddenly he vanished. Now, after many weeks, I was seeing him with news of this stupendous venture.

For me, it was exactly all I had dreamed of. But should I take the risk? I had already taken one - by giving up a promising career at sea much to my mother's consternation and sorrow. At sea I was earning a hefty wage. Now I was down to being an impecunious journalist, first with the Morning Standard (N.J.Hamilton's daily in Bombay) and then with The Times of India where I was the first journalist to be taken on after many years. I was, therefore, in line for promotion into the senior cadre, according to the natural progression of events. Should I give all this up for what seemed to be a completely scatterbrained venture? Sounding out some of the older and wiser members on the subs' desk they were all of the opinion that such a scheme, in the economic climate prevailing at that time, was bound to collapse.

However I was just getting over a crippling spell of jaundice which had brought my mother hurrying over from Agra, where we had taken her from Calcutta during the war years, to look after me. But neither my mother nor I had cared for the pokey

little flat which we had rented at Santa Cruz. I longed to give her a break, and what better place could there be than Bangalore, which we had known since 1924, where I had schooled until 1935, where I had spent the idyllic years of my boyhood.

To return to Bangalore, in a position of responsibility, to start an English daily newspaper seemed to be the answer to my prayers. The risk was colossal, for if I failed I knew that another opening in journalism might never present itself. Certainly I had burned my boats in The Times of India, even though I had the blessings of that newspaper's percipient and highly capable news editor, Claude Scott, an Australian who had taught me much of my trade. Here I must pay tribute also to Don Smith, of the Morning Standard, who gave me free rein, first as a sports reporter and then as a sub. It took me two days to make up my mind. I resigned from The Times of India and joined CGK in the biggest gamble of my life. I had been completely won over, first, by his confidence that the proprietors had the necessary financial stamina, secondly, that I would be given a free hand to fashion a newspaper after my own ideas.

* * * * * *

The quest now was to find an editor of some renown in India. Though there were capable journalists, few, if any, would dream of supporting this venture.

Those who had taken the trouble to study the list of directors of The Printers Ltd. as the parent company of Deccan Herald was known, would have noticed that none of them had any knowledge of the newspaper business. The main purpose of starting Deccan Herald was to fend off Prohibition from becoming a reality in Mysore State, where the proprietors held sway in the production and sale of alcohol. The only editor of any standing in India who was likely to support such a view was Pothan Joseph, then the biggest name among newspaper editors in India. CGK knew that he was unhappy with Ramnath Goenka, the proprietor of the Indian Express, so a feeler was put out. To say that Pothan Joseph was fond of a drink or two is to put it mildly.

It did not take much persuasion on CGK's part when the prospect was laid open for him to settle in Bangalore where he knew that scotch was cheap and was available at all times of day and night.

The Congress Government of the state was said to be on the verge of introducing legislation to control the sale of liquor. Could Deccan Herald reverse such a decision?

With Pothan Joseph in the bag, CGK had literally hundreds of other problems, not least of which was to find a suitable premises in Bangalore. It so happened that Funnells Restaurant, the Cafe Royal of Bangalore, in the centre of South Parade (now renamed Mahatma Gandhi Road) had closed down (its clientele was almost exclusively European, and they were a vanishing breed after Independence had been declared).

CGK pounced upon the vacant building as the site for Deccan Herald. I can remember entering the building for the first time early in March or April, 1948. The ovens were still exuding the smell of warm bread, and carving tools were still lying about on the kitchen table.

Within a matter of days all this was to go. The restaurant downstairs was turned into the reception area, with advertising and circulation departments on both sides. Upstairs, in the former wooden boarded ballroom where I had slipped to the floor on my first attempt to take up a dancing partner, the spacious accommodation was partitioned to take the chief accountant, the general manager, the directors and the editorial departments of the Deccan Herald, and the Prajavani, the Kannadiga daily newspaper which would be produced once Deccan Herald got off the ground. In the rear, the kitchens, fridge room and store rooms were all gutted, and in its place the linotype room, and the stones (on which pages are made) were erected, and a room for handset types was built. At the far end was the noisier machine room, where the flatbed rotary was installed.

The change from restaurant to newspaper office was complete in less than three months. In the midst of all this dust and rubble,

the editorial department strove to produce dummy pages, awaiting the day when they could demonstrate that the fourth estate had arrived in Bangalore.

When the day dawned it was very much a muted affair, at least for the editorial department. With no paper to display, most guests must have gone away with the impression that Deccan Herald would disappear like many others, and that the directors had foolishly thrown away good money. What they did not know was that for CGK and myself success was imperative. Deccan Herald had given us the chance to show our mettle. What's more we had the backing of directors who were determined that the business should succeed. Their pride was at stake.

* * * * * *

At this stage it is necessary to digress and say something about the man who was the editor with a reputation second to none in India. In Fleet Street it was common for journalists with Conservative leanings to be found working in Liberal and Socialist organs. Journalists weren't asked to take sides, they were told to do a job and do it well. Pothan was very much in that mould. His friends were horrified when he accepted the post of editor of Jinnah's mouthpiece, Dawn, which was being published in Calcutta. Dawn, financed by the Muslim League, was not considered to survive, after all it had to fight off such entrenched newspapers as The Statesman, The Hindustan Standard and the Amrita Bazaar Patrika, the last two were staunch Congress supporters. The Statesman leaned towards the ruling clique but kept an open mind on most cases. With the usual vigour of his pen, Pothan soon made Dawn essential reading. Dawn survived and continues to this day. But Pothan soon began to see the chicanery behind Jinnah's demands, the two fell out and Pothan left. During the war years he held a string of high posts, but Pothan could never stay in any place for very long. He possessed several weaknesses, not least were his frequent drinking bouts.

Editors are expected to take a keen interest in the production of their newspaper, Pothan seldom bothered much about what

was appearing on the front page. He was said to have done stints as a sub-editor, if so he must have been an awful one. He took no interest in the production of Deccan Herald at all, leaving me to manage everything, hiring and firing - the lot. When CGK picked him up from the Indian Express he came willingly. He never once asked about my credentials. By then Pothan was in the evening of his career, but to take on another challenge came naturally to him. Pothan had style but no authority. I doubt if anyone took the slightest notice of what he said, often gilded in the silken words of a true master of the English language.

He knew that Deccan Herald was the end of the road for him, and Bangalore too for that matter. That was the reason why, when it came to making a stand for a colleague under duress, he preferred to take the easy way out - and turn a blind eye. Pothan was soft, malleable, and one director at least knew that he could turn the screw and get his demands met. In the end he was felled by a protege, who waited cautiously in the wings for the right moment.

Pothan suffered from periods of alcoholism. My first intimation of an oncoming bout was to find scattered on my table on entering my office in the morning, a bunch of badly crumpled bits of paper on which were written those gems of sharply barbed paragraphs which made up the daily column of "Over a cup of tea". Ironically this column was more often produced over a glass of scotch. Pothan drank only scotch, nothing else.

His absenteeism would last anything from ten days to three weeks, after that it would invariably be my business to enter him into the Bowring Hospital for a period of about ten days when he would dry out, and be a good boy! Then followed a long period of moderate drinking, usually with his mates at the Bowring Institute, where he was a great favourite. Pothan was never known to step into any of the elite clubs of Bangalore, he loved chitchat and club scandal, but serious talk while he was imbibing he detested. An early riser, he would often turn up at 5 a.m. to chat with my mother, also an early riser and a daily churchgoer. He had already been walking for an hour or so, and

would present himself for a hot cup of coffee. If he was absent my mother knew exactly what had gone wrong!

A Syrian Christian, Pothan was a believer depending upon how it suited him. There are few people who could match their knowledge of the Bible with his. He often suggested that I should read the Good News from cover to cover. I have yet to get round to it. If I can forgive him for failing to support me when I needed him most, I can count upon those five years spent in his company as a privilege.

The entire kudos for the survival of the Deccan Herald has been placed at the feet of Pothan Joseph. True his editorials were relished for the exceptional manner in which he adorned them. But no newspaper has ever made any progress purely upon the grace of an editor's pen. In the end a newspaper is bought for its accuracy and swiftness in the dissemination of news, local and worldwide, and for the variety and appeal of its features. I, as the embattled news editor, was asked to produce a newspaper on a tiny budget that was being constantly trimmed, yet throughout the five years that I was news editor the circulation rose steadily, not swiftly, I agree, but the population of Bangalore showed none of that rapid growth which came in the years following my departure. The circulation rose as the population swelled...

No newspaper can survive without enormous financial reserves. We knew that we could depend on the directors to support us, provided there was progress in all fields It was crucially important that right from the start a very tight grip should be kept on expenditure.

Editorial departments tend to run away with a lot of money. To produce a quality newspaper we had to be able to offer our readers the same, if not better, service of our rivals. To do so we had to subscribe to Reuters, Press Trust of India and the best agencies offering articles from freelance journalists. We also had to appoint an editorial department that was capable of producing four editions a day - one at 11 am, the next at 3.30 and

7.30 p.m. and the principal morning edition that went to press at the ungodly hour of 3.30 am.

Given only a limited budget on which to work, I soon found that I could not appoint the entire staff from among journalists who had been fully trained. Besides journalists could not be swayed into joining us, it was too risky, and no one wanted to lose their job. So I began to look around for promising local material, even if these people had not seen the inside of a newspaper office.

All I wanted was a sound working knowledge of English, unlimited enthusiasm, good health, a sense of humour and a willingness for hard work.

It had been my intention to try to find two reasonably qualified chief subs, one to work at night and the other during the day, and a full-time sports editor whom I could entrust to look after this page, while I initially at any rate, would be responsible for producing all the editions. But luring qualified subs was not easy, because no one believed that Deccan Herald would make the grade. So I virtually from the day the newspaper started, worked round the clock to bring out all four editions, trying my best to train quickly the most promising material that was to hand.

Since Bangalore was then, and still is, a favourite holiday resort I hit upon the idea of inviting sub-editors from The Times of India to spend their month's holiday with me, each of them receiving a generous pay out for their good work. A steady stream of them arrived in the early months, and took off some workload, not for the night editions, but at least I could depend on them to look after the morning edition (11 am), which involved only minor changes to the front page and turn page. This enabled me to get a few hours rest, attend to my correspondence, and settle myself in for the afternoon and late evening shifts.

From 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. each day I was generally free to do as pleased but after that it was back to the grind, producing the principal edition of the day. After eight months of this, my nerves and health were beginning to fray. Fortunately at about this

time, Ronnie Hendricks, a Times of India sports reporter, who was already making his mark as a writer in every field of sports writing, joined me on one of these holiday trips. I was able to keep him for good, though it wasn't for my sake that he decided to stay in Bangalore. He married one of our staff.

Ronnie's appointment as Sports Editor made an immediate impact. He, like me, threw out all the old-fashioned notions of page make-up, and soon was producing the best sports pages in the whole of India, indeed they were equal to anything being produced in Fleet Street.

Meanwhile the training period was moving smoothly. Among the early appointments, Anantakrishnan, Seshadri (who proudly wore my mantle for many years after I left), Ramani, E.R.Sethuram (who duly became editor of Prajavani) were capable of assuming responsibilities. A senior sub, Jones from the National Herald joined us later on and eased my workload.

Deccan Herald's circulation was creeping up, but too slowly for comfort's sake. Village correspondents had been appointed throughout the state. The paper thus became known in every corner of Mysore. Most newly-appointed subs sharpened their teeth on village news. If they could produce a good story out of the stuff from villages, they could be seen as having the right material in them to make a good journalist!

As the years progressed some very fine journalists, who had had their teething experience on village news, became writers of distinction, one of them actually replaced Pothan as editor. But, this memoir is not about the years proceeding the initial months of travail. It will not be out of place to mention a few distinguished members who contributed to the ultimate success of Deccan Herald.

The first was our managing director, K.Guruswamy, whom I first met in April 1948, when I was introduced to him as the man upon whom the burden of financing Deccan Herald depended. Guruswamy, as I knew him, was a man of very few words. His

imminent presence was always heralded by his sleek 20-ft long Cadillac which he drove himself. Always immaculately attired he crowned his silk cream jacket, crisp linen dhoti and sandalled feet with a large white turban. He strode purposefully, looking neither here nor there, through the main entrance and up the stairs to his office where he held sway.

My contact with him was slight. He left editorial matters entirely in the hands of Pothan and myself. Occasionally Pothan might have been primed about some burning issue, about which the directors felt strongly, but to my knowledge there was never any pressure put on him initially. To me he was always the perfect gentleman. I met him briefly again in 1980, when I visited Bangalore for a short time. He hadn't changed one bit. Older, of course, and as a result a bit frail. Few words passed between us. Like old times.

The other senior director, K Venkataswamy, was a different kettle of fish. Guruswamy was physically trim and fit - he was a keen shikari. Venkataswamy was flabby and overweight. He was oily, unctuous, and I never felt comfortable in his presence. It was Venkataswamy who realised that a newspaper could be used to manipulate his ambitions - political ones for they brought him favours. He would have liked to consider himself a king-maker, a role he could have played perfectly and treacherously.

Once the paper was established, though not profitable as yet, his incursions into the editorial sanctum became more frequent. He considered me stubborn and mulish, even ungrateful - my mother and I were once his guests in his remote and splendid country retreat in Arsikere - but to give in to his whims and wishes would have made Deccan Herald appear perfectly ridiculous. I became too much a thorn to his ambitions. There were others more willing and malleable. My story should end here for there is no doubt in my mind that it was Venkataswamy who finally won the day and saw me off.

It was CGK who realised that Venkataswamy would not be baulked in his desire to promote himself in the political fandango

that was being played in Mysore State. CGK had his own political convictions which crossed with his proprietors. He left to take on bigger things, leaving myself to battle on against the odds. It soon became quite apparent that editorial integrity could not be maintained. Pothan was like a piece of pulp. He cared only for his own skin, but eventually even he fell victim to the vaulting ambition and cringing willingness of those who sought power at all costs.

That Deccan Herald lives today can he put down to the capacious pockets of the two senior directors, the bold and imaginative way it was steered on its path, by CGK, Pothan's fame as an editor, and I who flogged myself until I was so mentally exhausted that I couldn't care what happened to me.

After CGK's departure, my job became fair game for all those ambitious and deceitful elements who had cast their eyes on my position as a way up the promotion ladder. It was generally assumed that I was not aware of those fissiparous tendencies, but in fact I knew fully well what was going on among the principal malcontents but chose to ignore them hoping - as it turned out that was my mistake - that PJ would stand by me. After all I had put the newspaper successfully into circulation, and we were, on the surface, the best of friends. But there was a. strong contingent in the department who were close to PJ by reason of their regional alliance. They were also competent men who came to PJ's aid when there were editorial shortages, for one reason or another. The gang-up against me became easier and more and more pressure was put on me by Venkataswamy with his half-baked and crazy ideas of political gerrymandering. Other people were prepared to listen to him, I simply let things in one ear and out of the other.

Some four and a half years had passed without a single day's holiday. With all this going on around me, I felt, now that I was married, that I needed a short holiday - so I took it. As soon as I had turned my back, the plot was hatched and a fait accompli was presented to me on my return. Venkataswamy probably expected me to come cringing and make peace. Instead, I never put my foot into the office again. The triumph, I understand, of the dissentients was short lived, the factions fell out among themselves, and what was once a happy office became a seedbed for intrigue.

There were many others, major and minor characters, who played their part in Deccan Herald's survival. A camaraderie existed between all departments that was wrecked when CGK left.

This memoir cannot be brought to a close without paying tribute to three others. I am not too certain of the role played by T.V.Reddy, the suave Chief Secretary of the Government of Mysore and a former Trade Commissioner for Mysore in the UK., except that when the directors were in some quandary or other, and there were many, for, remember, owning a newspaper was something quite beyond their comprehension, then T.V.'s advice was sought. When the first subscribed capital vanished in less than a year, CGK had to seek a further injection of cash, and this happened not once but at least half-a-dozen times. Owning a newspaper is the sport of kings!

T.V.Reddy would listen to our problems and relay them to the anxious directors. He was a marvellous go-between, his flair soothed their distress. I may be wrong but it was his advice that they should stay the course rather than buckle under that was largely responsible for the directors holding out during five to six years of adversity.

To launch a new title from an existing publishing empire is hard enough, to start from scratch calls for nerve and verve. In 1948 the travails of launching a new newspaper had to be learnt from experience, and that was always the hard way. In England, at the present moment, new titles are appearing all the time. Some have bitten the dust within a few months, yet the men behind them have all the expertise at hand to call upon.

In the initial years of its life, losing money in a newspaper is the name of the game. It took nearly 15 years for the Sun newspaper of London to be really successful. The Independent newspaper, also of London, was launched a few years ago, with a carefully prepared offensive. A beachhead was secured, but it is yet a long way from making money and it has several times nearly buckled under. Many millions of pounds have gone down the drain, and many more will vanish before, if ever, it turns the tide.

An early appointment was K.Krishnamoorthy, the advertisement manager. Krishnamoorthy's achievement is one of a local boy who made good. An advertisement manager is the lynchpin on which a newspaper succeeds. He is the man who sedulously builds up the contacts with the mandarins of the advertising agencies who pump in the life blood of any newspaper - cash.

When Krishnamoorthy was appointed he was a nonentity in the newspaper world. But he had the gift of the gab, he could make and keep friends, in other words he made few enemies (how else could he have retained his position for so many years), and he was honest, even if he mixed the occasional half-truth with the white lie, such as on circulation figures.

As the years trundled on he became a leading figure in the ruthless world of advertising. Much of Deccan Herald's success is due to his skill in manipulating his contacts, many of them brought in by CGK - so that Deccan Herald is now considered prime space for everything.

The man who chose him for this job was CGK Reddy. Everything I say about this truly remarkable man will be attributed to my close personal friendship with him for over fifty years. There are scores of others all over India and in various parts of the world who have brushed up against him - and have found him as I have, a true friend, genuine, honest, fearless, incorruptible.

CCK has grappled with every side of the newspaper game - as a journalist his reports are models for the aspiring writer, as general manager of The Hindu he put more financial power into its elbow than any of his predecessors, and finally as director of the Research Institute of Newspaper Development he has earned the gratitude of newspaper barons as well as journalists all over India and south-east Asia.

That he was not at the helm when Deccan Herald turned the tide - and went into the profit-making machine that it is - is no fault of his. The directors were too naive in expecting a return for their

investment within the few years that the newspaper was under his control. But it was his style that set the tone for its eventual success.

I spoke to him a few months before he died in December, 1994, urging him to give his version of the early days of Deccan Herald. Only he knew how it all came about, he was closest to K.N. Guruswamy and K. Venkataswamy and the other five directors who were brought in to boost the initial capital investment. Gradually as further calls were made on their pockets, those who could not stomach the fight to the finish were bought out and so relinquished their grip. Even their names are not known to me, though I had met them on a couple of occasions, CGK Reddy was right at the core of every decision taken. We can only regret that Mr. Reddy, on account of his illness, could not summon up the strength to record for posterity the founding of a great newspaper.

* * * * * *

The author left Deccan Herald in August, 1953, and rejoined The Times of India at Calcutta, the edition which crumpled within less than six months. In November of that year he left India to seek work as a journalist in England. In 1953 a coloured journalist working on a newspaper in Britain was unheard of. He was eventually given the chance to show his mettle at the Hampstead and Highgate Express, one of London's best weeklies. Six years later he moved to Hitchin where he joined the Hertfordshire Express, moving on again in 1966 as assistant editor and then editor of the Countryside Group of Magazines - Essex Countryside, Hertfordshire Countryside and Buckinghamshire and Berkshire Countryside. While with the Countryside Group, he launched his own County Guide Publications, which later became Egon Publications. He retired to Portugal in 1985, but continued as editor of Contact, a quarterly magazine. He commuted to London every ten weeks to put it to press. He is now back in England.

CGK - FREEDOM FIGHTER AND FRIEND

To try to sift through one's memories of sixty eventful years can defy even one's best efforts to put them into chronological focus, which is what I've tried to do in this insubstantial memoir - the years if we could live them again were far better than anything I can say in words - of my endearing friend, CGK Reddy, whose death in December 1994 was mourned by his wife, his family and all who knew him.

CGK possessed so many glittering traits that shone through more impressively the longer you knew him. He was that rare person - lovable, warm-hearted, generous, staunch and daring - who made you his friend for life, that is, if he chose to. This is not to say that he did not have faults, who doesn't? He could be impetuous - he risked his life, not once, but twice, in the certainty of his beliefs; yes, he was a man of principle.

There were times when contact between us was very infrequent, but no matter how long the gap I never failed to feel that twinge of delight when that immediately recognisable voice was heard on the phone, ringing me from somewhere in Europe. Sometimes it was just to say "hallo", but more often to inform me of an impending brief visit to London. There was not a single occasion when we did not actually meet, if only for a few hours, to renew those ties.

I first met CGK when I was a boy of fifteen. I don't know what drew him into joining the Dufferin, the training ship of the Indian mercantile marine, and the seedbed also for some of the finest officers of the Indian Navy. All I can say is that as in my case, he must have been drawn into it out of a sense of adventure. I had a somewhat romantic idea of what I thought the Dufferin was going to be like - so it was something of a rude shock to discover that there was far too many hours every day spent in school, in fact the mental slog was equal, if not greater, than the physical. They were wonderful character-forming years and most Dufferin cadets will readily admit that they made men of us, toughened us all around. You had to have guts. If you could take the first fortnight in the ship, when you were bullied and harassed on all sides, you could probably face up to the remaining three years of diluted terror. The first term was such a bewilderment that pick-

ing, choosing and discarding friends was very much a random affair. It was not on the ship but on a train while we were on the way for our second term, that I met and look an immediate liking to CGK.

From the Dufferin we went home twice a year, the summer and Christmas vacations. I was returning after the first summer vac on the Bangalore-Guntakal Mail that linked up with the Madras Mail at Guntakal on its way to its destination Bombay, and had made friends with a young music student travelling first class and in the care of the guard. She was on her to way England to continue her musical studies, after obtaining a distinction in her ATCL grade, at the Guildllall School of Music. I stood on the platform chatting with my delightful companion when the Madras Mail puffed its way in, and within seconds CGK was by my side. He had bounded out of his compartment to greet me - we had already made a cursory recognition of friendship by sharing our respective food parcels on the way out - but this time what drew him to me was not my food parcel but my companion. Even at that young age CGK was a charmer, you couldn't help falling for him, so I had a devil of a job asserting myself and retaining the ground I had gained from my earlier association by a few hours, with this engaging young traveller.

Getting in and out of her compartment at every station was a most dangerous job, for the train's guard kept a watchful eye on his custodian at each and every station, which meant that we had to alight from her compartment on the wrong side of the track, bunk back to our second class compartment further down and alight on the station platform as if nothing had happened. Then we had to time ourselves, bolt forward when the train was juddering on the move to its next stop, leap on to the moving train and await for the door to be opened by our eager and smiling young friend. It was all innocent fun, as it was bound to be in those far-off years when teenagers were never tainted by the gloss and dross of the eighties and nineties.

For CGK and me this was the first of our great escapades, the one we fondly remembered whenever we ruminated over a scotch about our pranks together. We never saw the young lady again,

and all we could remember of her, apart from her bobbed auburn hair and pretty face, was her parcel of goodies which she shared with us freely.

From now on the bonds between CGK and me were sealed. On the ship we kept to our cliques. CGK was already an indulgent smoker. Smoking was banned but fags were brought in by those going ashore and traded openly. Smoking was conducted in secret places, in the toilets and in the bowels of the ship where the reek of stale nicotine could not be traced. I was yet to be drawn into the vice, but, as an occasional smoker, I was already being manoeuvered into it. CGK could not do without it. In those days the dangers of excessive smoking were not so apparent. Smoking was considered to be a manly thing, addiction to it never entered our minds.

After three years on the Dufferin another stint of practical training began in the workshops of a shipyard, where we were shown how to put into practice all that we had learned in the classroom of the Dufferin.

The main shipyards existed in Bombay and Calcutta. I can't remember why we both chose Calcutta, but we were posted to different engineering workshops in Garden Reach, a suburb outside the city limits, with absolutely no horticultural aspect to it. In fact it was heavily industrialised, a dreary place.

We arrived in Calcutta on different trains. Neither of us had pre-arranged plans for accommodation. So we did the natural thing, we booked into the YMCA. I remember distinctly walking upstairs to be shown my room, when I met CGK coming down. The day was December 31, 1938. In those days, Calcutta was the Paris of the east, a scintillating city, vibrant, clean and bursting with excitement. This was our first day spent in it and it was the last day of the year. As strangers and late arrivals, the best we could do was to find seats for the midnight show at the Lighthouse cinema. The film was Alexander's Ragtime Band with Alice Faye and Don Ameche. Now, whenever I hear that song it takes me back to that memorable night, the laughter and fun in the foyer, before and after the show. It must have been 3 am before we tucked into bed.

We moved out of the YMCA within a few days, and set up our own chummery with three other Dufferin lads, Ratra, Dang and Mohan. Renting an apartment off the Diamond Harbour Road, Kidderpore, Ratra's parents provided us with a man servant who did the cooking and kept the place clean. It was there that I learnt to play chess and bridge. Some wonderful, carefree days were spent, with CGK and myself into all sorts of pranks.

An early victim was Mohan, a tall, handsome Punjabi, who fancied himself. For days I had been whispering into Mohan's ear about an affair I was supposed to be having with a ravishing young lady. CGK would embellish on this tête-à-tête every night until Mohan could no longer contain himself and begged for an introduction. After great persuasion, we agreed that the young lady had promised to meet Mohan at the Lighthouse cinema. I gave him permission to take her to a show, and then on to dinner. That evening, CGK and I watched our quarry at home, preening and decking himself out for the long awaited occasion. Then we hurried to take a seat in the cafe opposite, and watch poor Mohan dash about in the cinema foyer for the beautiful maiden who was supposed to give him a pre-arranged signal, which never came. Later that night when he told us about his disappointment, we promised to set up another meeting, but by then Mohan had grown suspicious of our ruse. CGK and I never forgot this bit of devilment, and got an awful lot of fun out of it whenever we brought it up.

Two days a week, we left the workshops at lunch time to enable us to get home and then make for the evening classes at the Calcutta Technical School in Dhurumtalla Street. Here some of the lecturers, especially those who had been trained abroad, were encouraged to wander off the subject into personal recollection. Mr. Ibrahim, who had studied in England, was deftly led into reminiscing about his days with the country lasses, and he has goaded on until it was too late and the class had to be closed. Sometimes we bunked through an open window immediately after roll call and took a stroll around the red light district close by, to watch, but never participate, in the shenanigans. Our maths teacher, Mr.Mukherjee, was the most feared, the others were dealt



Pothan Joseph presenting a trophy to Miss India at a function organised for her by Deccan Herald .

Pothan in fancy dress gear with Devika Rani (Roerich) and Miss India.





Perrins Lane, Hampstead, where the Ham and High (Hampstead and Highgate Express) was situated. Eric Scott with members of the printing staff.



CGK Reddy, shielding from view the inevitable cigarette, on a visit to England, Outside the entrance to Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford - on - Avon.



Pothan Joseph at a picnic with some members of staff.



Eric Scott and Adrienne Farrell, Reuter's correspondent in India in 1950.



Cricket match luncheon respite. At the far end, F.X. Paul a well-known teacher of St. Joseph's

WACO

Editor: POTHAN JOSEPH

DECCAN HERALD

VOICE OF THE SUBJECTS

VOL. I DAK EDITION [PRICE: ONE ANNA

BANGALORE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1946

REGD. NO. M. 7218

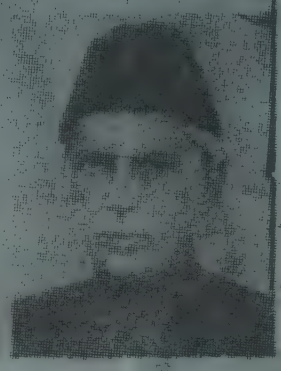
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BANGALORE

MR. JINNAH PASSES AWAY

Death In Karachi After Heart Attack

PAKISTAN GOVERNMENT'S CALL TO NATION



KARACHI, September 12:

QUAID-E-AZAM Mohammad Ali Jinnah, Governor-General of Pakistan, passed away in Karachi at 10-25 p.m. (I.S.T.) on Saturday, September 11, a "com-

71.

INDIA INTO

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WANTED

Applications are invited by the Bangalore Race Club, Bangalore, for the post of a secretary, state age, qualifications, salary expected, whether married or not, and past experience. Applications should reach this office on Tuesday, 16th May 1946.

Apply to the

Honorary Secretary,
Bangalore Race Club
BANGALORE.

Editor: POTHAN JOSEPH

DECCAN HE

8 PAGES SECOND DAK EDITION

VOL. II BANGALORE, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1946.

INDIA TO STAY IN COM

ARMY RESERVE OFFICERS

Govt. Call For Particulars

"Full & Equal Member"

DECLARATION BY DOMINIONS

King Symbol Of Association

LONDON, April 27.

INDIA is to remain a full and equal member of the Commonwealth of Nations even after she becomes a Republic within the next few months, it was officially announced here, today at the conclusion of the secret six-day conference of Dominion Prime Ministers.

The Governments of India have agreed to accept the King as symbol or head of this "free association of independent countries"

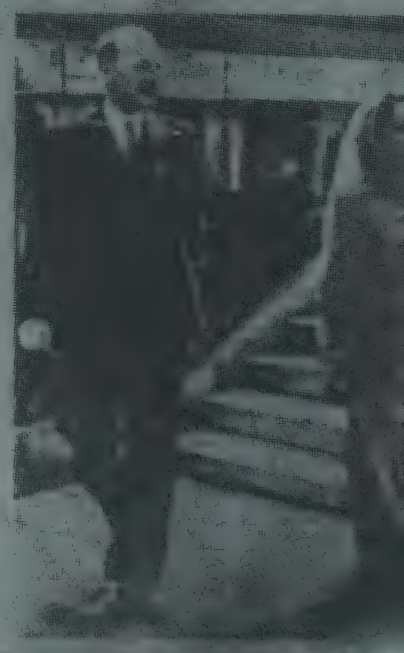
The eight Commonwealth leaders said in a communique that the talks had as their historical background "the established capacity of the Commonwealth to accommodate the variety of peoples which owing the association will guarantees to change their outlook."

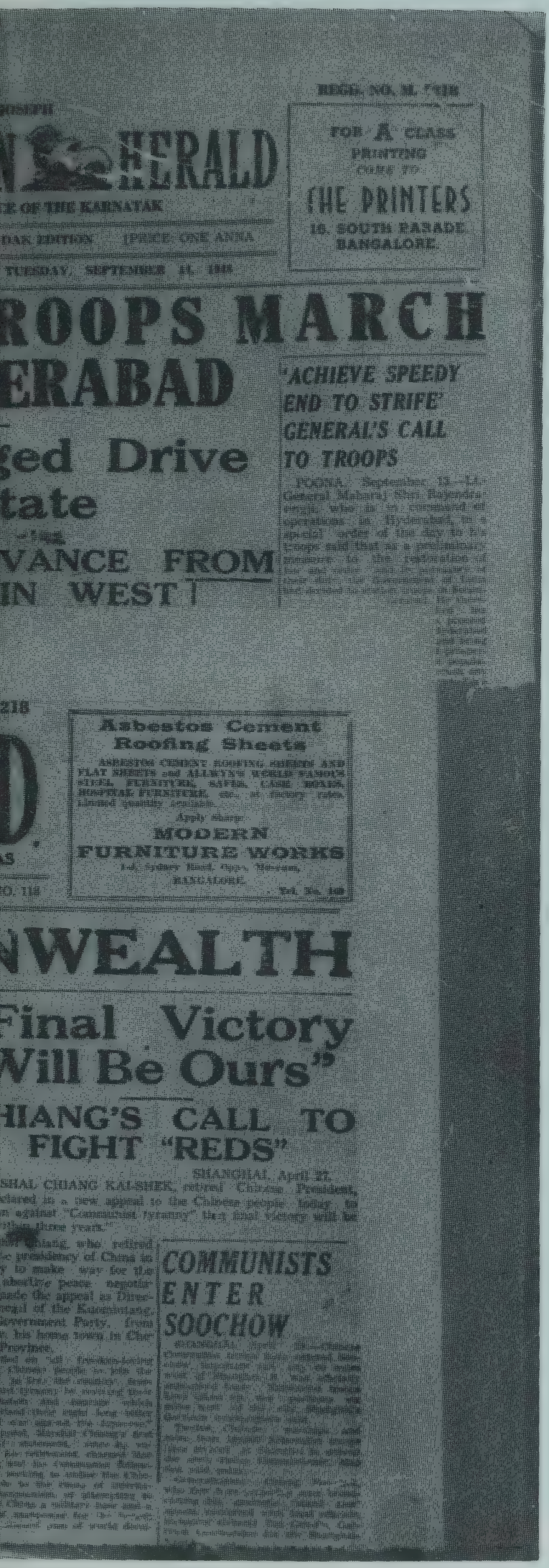
REDUCING ADVERSE BALANCE OF TRADE

Commerce Chamber To Conduct Enquiry

LIFTING BERLIN

BEGUM AND PREMI




REGD. NO. M. 7218

HERALD

FOR A CLASS PRINTING COME TO THE PRINTERS 16, SOUTH PARADE BANGALORE

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1945

ROOPS MARCH

ERABAD

'ACHIEVE SPEEDY END TO STRIFE' GENERAL'S CALL TO TROOPS

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VANCE FROM

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Asbestos Cement Roofing Sheets

MODERN FURNITURE WORKS

BANGALORE

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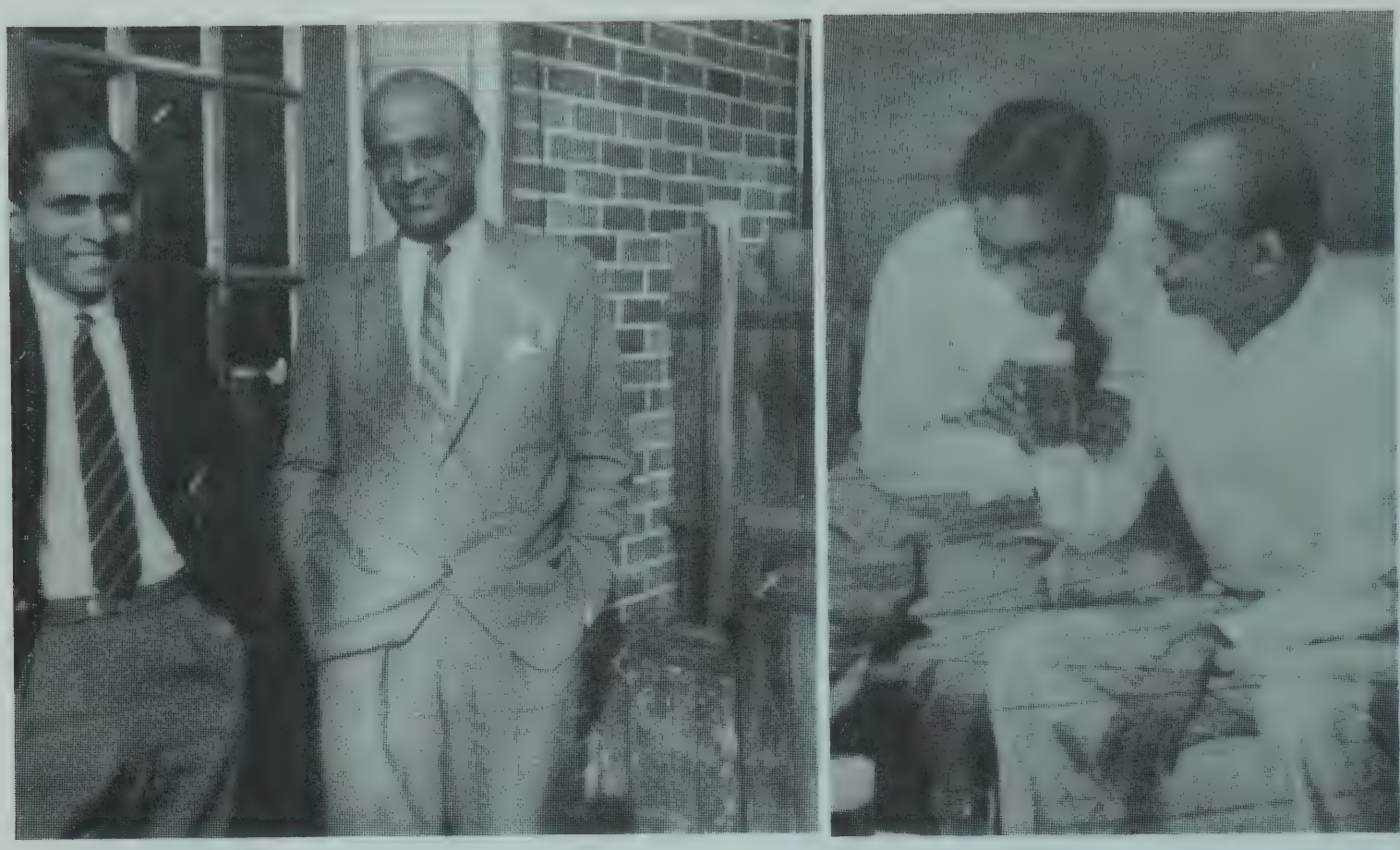
Final Victory Will Be Ours"

HIANG'S CALL TO FIGHT "REDS"

SHANGHAI, April 27.

COMMUNISTS ENTER SOOCHOW

The front pages of far-off years. The original masthead was designed by Horry (Horatio) Anderson, a member of the art department of Grants Advertising, Bombay. The idea of the Chamundi bull came to C.G.K. Reddy, as the symbol of Mysore State. We changed to broad-sheet merely because advertising agencies were unwiling to supply us with separate art work to suit our narrower column width, not because of complaints from readers.

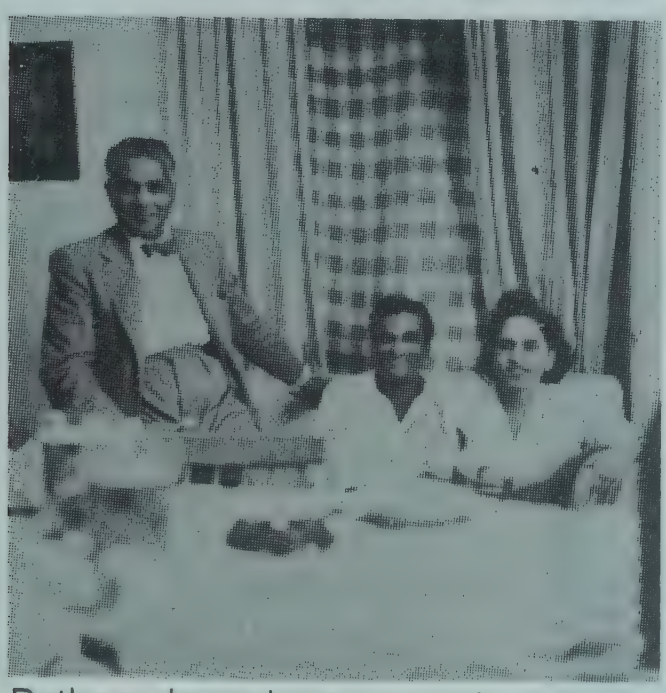


CGK on one his visits to our home, then in Brookfield Park, Parliament Hill Fields, Highgate, London, Right. Sharing a joke and a beer.



At their home in Nungumbakkam, Madras, in 1980

Eric Scott (far right) with some of his editorial staff. R.S. Seshadri, who was news editor until recently, in the centre. Philomena Scott in 1952.



Pothan Joseph at one of our office parties.



Office gathering on the steps of the Bowring Institute.



Anything for an excuse, office parties were frequent and always attended by the editor, Pothan Joseph (far right).



Eric Scott in cricket gear with members of his staff and well wishers. The newspaper cricket team carried the Deccan Herald's name into the villages.

a pretty rough time We had learnt all these bad habits on the Dufferin, where the weaker teachers were teased almost to tears. CGK took delight in trampling on the decorum of the lecturer, on technical drawing, an Englishman, pushing him to the very limit until, one evening, he was hauled before the headmaster. It was in Calcutta that CGK was said to have met Subhas Chandra Bose who lived in a palatial house not far from us.. I cannot recollect any actual meetings but then I was only in the chummery for a few months before my mother arrived from Bangalore to keep an eye on me.

In 1941 we parted company, to all intents and purposes for good. CGK had signed on with the B.I. cargo vessel ss Chilka. I was on the look-out for something more comfortable, and seized upon an opening as a fifth engineer on the flagship of the Scindia Steam SS Jalagopal, the R. M. cargo-passenger ship plying between Calcutta and Rangoon. The times were fraught with peril, Singapore had fallen and the R. N. battleships had been sunk ignominiously, which meant that the Japanese held sway in the Bay of Bengal. They were already triumphant on land and in the air. Their march through Burma followed the usual prescription; Rangoon was heavily bombed for three nights in succession, luckily the Jalagopal was in Calcutta at that time.

We were ordered to make one last trip to Rangoon to pick up BOC officers who had been given the job of destroying oil wells and oil dumps all over southern Burma. This we did, Rangoon was a shambles and completely deserted, with dead bodies plastered all over the show. The skipper of the Jalagopal, Commander Gale, knew the Burma coastline like the back of his hand, we groped our way through the scores of islets and islands all the way to Akyab, where we were due to pick up the last remaining BOC officers from upper Burma.

There must have been ten thousand refugees waiting on the quayside for us to tie up. To do so would have ended up in frightful scenes of hysteria. Instead we anchored a couple of miles out, and picked the officers up as they came out by boat to join us. That done we made for Calcutta where we deposited our full complement of refugees, and were given orders to leave as soon as pos-

sible. There were said to be 72 ships straddled along the river Hoogly. The port of Calcutta is reached by an intricate system of channels, which if blocked would strangle the port completely. The authorities were justly alarmed that the Japanese would aim to close the port by sinking ships occupying the channel.

The Chilka was, I'm sure, among those ships that formed the convoy, miles long, with only two feeble minesweepers patrolling it. The bay was infested with Japanese submarines. Many ships were torpedoed, among those the Chilka. The Jalagopal escaped because of her superior speed. She was a twin screw job, capable of up to 16 knots. In those days subs were only capable of between six to eight knots. With bunkers full, the Jalagopal steamed non-stop around the Cape to Bombay where Commander Gale was heralded for his feat of evading the Japanese.

The Chilka had disappeared and so I thought had CGK. Instead he had been taken prisoner by the Japs after nine days in a lifeboat. Then followed incarceration as an INA member until 1944. All of this I knew nothing about, as I was on the Jalagopal, carrying troops and ammo to the Middle East. In August, 1944, I signed off, ostensibly to sit for my second engineer's ticket, but really I was fed up with life at sea, so when an opening presented itself to become a journalist on the Morning Standard, I jumped at the idea. The Morning Standard had just been launched. It came from the same stable as the successful Sunday Standard. Both were owned by an enterprising Scotsman, N.J.Hamillon. Within a year, I had learnt enough to seek and win a job as sub-editor on The Times of India. Rapid promotion saw me handling much senior work on the foreign desk. It was about this that CGK re-entered my life.

I was sleeping off a couple of beers one sweltering afternoon, resting myself for the night shift (8 p.m. to 3.15 am) in my digs in Arthur Bunder Road, Bombay, when my landlady crept into my room and awakened me with the news that a young gentleman wished to see me. She had been given orders that I should never be disturbed from my afternoon catnap, but she said he refused to budge. Blurry eyed 1 finally agreed to see this mystery man. I was half asleep in my shuttered room, and when I opened my eyes all

I could see was CGK grinning at me. "Wake up, man" were his first words. I had given him up for dead years ago. I sat up, absolutely staggered. And so we chatted. I gathered that he had no intention of going out to sea, one experience was enough. He said he was looking around for the right opening. We promised to collaborate on a book about our experiences, and I think we started on it, but never got far. I don't remember him telling about his days as a Jap prisoner, occasionally he would venture out with one of his stories, but it was years later that I got to know about his landing as an INA saboteur, and the jail sentence following his capture.

CGK remained something of a mystery man. He would vanish and reappear and this went on for a long time. One day there was more of a sparkle in his eyes when he invited me to join him in starting an English daily newspaper in Bangalore. The news was too good to be true... was CGK having me on? Could it be true that I would be going back to Bangalore?

As CGK unfolded the whole plan, there was never any doubt in my mind that I could do the job. All I needed from CGK was an assurance that those backing the venture possessed the capital to sustain years of disappointment. I had seen for myself how N.J.Hamilton had striven to put the Morning Standard on its feet, and the capital that had been dissipated doing so. I was faced with the biggest decision of my life: to give up the security of a senior post in The Times of India and take on what everyone tried to convince me was a scatterbrained idea. The venture would never succeed, everyone said, so why give up a job where promotion was in the offing?

In the end three very good reasons weighed very heavily with me. First, to start an English newspaper and be given an entirely free hand to set it into motion was something I simply could not turn down. Secondly, my mother was keeping indifferent health, and so was I for that matter, in our pokey little flat in Santa Cruz, and here was a golden chance to take her back to the comparative comfort of Bangalore. Thirdly, CGK and I had, by this time, a period of about six months, become almost inseparable. We had taken so many chances, why not another one? CGK was in a

much less risky position than I. He had nothing to lose. I had my job, a regular salary and prospects looming ahead. But the excitement of the whole thing got the better of me, so, one fine day, I marched into work and handed in my resignation. My colleagues on the subs' desk could not believe that I could do such a foolish thing, and many senior men were warning me of dire consequences. The news editor kept my resignation letter in abeyance for a few days for me to think about it. But, by that time, my mind had been made up.

CGK continued to disappear. Every time he returned he brought with him some new turn of events in the great adventure which now we had set ourselves. On one of these occasions he came with the news that he had found an editor. Pothan Joseph was then with the Indian Express in Bombay. I knew of him only slightly as a former editor of Dawn, the Muslim League newspaper which Jinnah had started in Calcutta. CGK took me to see him. Nothing much passed between us, for I had made it a positive undertaking that not even the editor would be able to stand in the way of how Deccan Herald was going to be fashioned. That story also appears in this monograph. Suffice it is to say that there were years of hard work, some disappointment, struggle and fulfillment. CGK was a restless being As the months wore on it was clear that Deccan Herald was not going to turn into a profit-making proposition for another few years. CGK and the proprietors, or at least one of them, began to be get themselves involved in the political affray in the State, but on opposite sides of the political spectrum A clash was inevitable with the proprietors, who had reason also to be disgruntled with CGK's performance in his job. The proprietors had never bargained for such a lengthy gestation period, and I doubt if CGK himself, when he took up the job of general manager, knew that newspapers never turned the corner into profit for anything between five and ten years.

However mixing politics with business was perhaps not the wisest thing, trouble was brewing, and it led in the end to CGK handing in his resignation within two years of his taking up the post. That left me without the one man on whom I could depend to back me in all the decisions that I had to take, remembering that even at this stage Pothan Joseph still left me with the day-to-day

problems of producing the newspaper. Without CGK, I soon became the prey of those avaricious for my post. Every newspaper has its own underground rumblings; the disgruntled ones, the ambitious ones, the clever dicks who are always waiting in the wings for the man at the top to put a foot wrong, and step into his shoes The machinations brewed on for months but I paid not the slightest bit of attention to what was going on. When I turned my back to go for a short and much needed rest, my enemies struck.

In July, 1953, I rejoined the Times of India who sent me to the already beleaguered Calcutta edition, a hopeless miscalculation. Within six months the edition was closed down, leaving some two hundred journalists on the streets. After that I think I spoke to CGK once or twice about my plight, but he could offer no solution. I then decided to set out on another big adventure of my life, and once again everyone I knew warned me that I was heading for disaster. I sailed for England in October 1953, and landed in Southampton on November 11. The story of my first hundred days in England is told elsewhere. They were followed by years of unremitting hardship, which my wife and I faced with stoicism, waiting for the tide to turn. It did, but it took nearly twenty years.

Those years were lit up occasionally, and quite unexpectedly, by CGK either from Paris or from Heathrow. CGK never failed to ring me up whenever he was in Europe on business. If it meant a stay in London for a brief day or two, we always met, usually in his hotel for a drink, followed by a night out in some gaudy place, CGK loved the titillating night-life of London. When hotel prices rose steeply he would spend a day with us. The scotch would be on me. These lightning visits we cherished, first because CGK always brought some new insights of the India we had left, and secondly because CGK was delightful company. I was picking up my life and making a go of it. CGK never forgot his friends. They need not have been very close friends either. For instance, he always inquired after the girls in the office who had left Bangalore, and were making a new life in England.

CGK was always an early riser. When he stayed with us, he would be up by 5 am, which in England is pretty early. At the first sound

of his footsteps in the house, I would awaken also, and we would chat over a cup of coffee. Once CGK tried his hand at making upumau. He made it so pungent that I for one could not eat it, even after picking out the little bits of green dynamite.
Then suddenly the trips seemed to become less frequent, years passed without our seeing him, our only contact was the greeting card which we exchanged without fail at the end of each year. One day we had a letter from him saying that he had been struck down with Meuniere's disease. "It is not alarming to me", said he in his letter of June 20, 1992, "but doctors seem to think that I have reached a stage when I have to take things easy. My ticker is not what it used to be but what has demoralised me is the Meuniere's syndrome. It is the failure of the balancing mechanism in the ear. There is no cure for it and the damn dizziness and vertigo comes on suddenly without any warning. There is nothing alarming about this, but the fact that I am getting these attacks now and again - just sitting. or even lying down, not to speak of when I am walking - makes me feel uncomfortable going anywhere. But for these complaints which I ascribe to age, I am reasonably healthy, healthier than Vimala, poor thing, her arthritis is getting worse. And then how many beyond the biblical age are able to walk around? One should be and I am - thankful that in spite of the abuse that I have subjected my body to, it is bearing up reasonably. And I have the good fortune to have friends whose affection I have enjoyed in abundant measure. What more can one ask?" And then finally: "Therefore the prospect of my coming on a trip to UK is out. I can only hope that both of you will make it to India soon."

It was this letter that caused me to stir myself, because it was fourteen years since we last met. That took place when in 1981 when I spent a short holiday in Bangalore, dropping into Madras for a couple of days to see CGK in Nungambakkam, Madras, where he had been general manager of the renowned Hindu newspaper for twenty years, and after that the first director- general of the Research Institute of Newspaper Development, an organisation which he himself had set up.

That 1981 trip is memorable for the evening party he set up for me with another renegade from the Dufferin, Sagar who had also had left the sea and strayed into journalism.

Sagar had been the Hindu correspondent in the USA for many years. What an evening that was. The company sparkled, scotch flowed, and the food was scrumptious.

Looking back now, I would never have forgiven myself if I had not set aside all my fears and physical frailties to make the long and somewhat tedious journey to Bangalore in 1994. Arriving at his lovely home for the first time, my wife and I found CGK looking better than I had expected, so much so that I regretted coming empty-handed without my usual offering, a bottle of scotch, which I thought, would have been a cruel and unwelcome gift for someone whom I expected to see as ailing. In fact, CGK was probably just that, but putting on a brave face. Never one to care a hoot about conforming to doctor's orders, he flaunted many restrictions. Life had to be worth living; he drove his Maruti van for distances through streets where pollution damaged his lungs, and he enjoyed downing two large whiskies every evening.

CGK and Vimala bestowed much kindness every time my wife and I called, and we tried to do that as many times as we could. CGK refused to let me put my hand into my pocket for anything, on one occasion when we lunched out foxing me while my attention was distracted for a few minutes. On the last day, before leaving by plane I spoke to CGK on the phone. To avoid emotional embarrassment our farewells had been brief on our last visit to CGK's home. This phone call would be our final contact till we met again, something CGK was so persistent about, that even I began to think, yes, it might be possible. We had set ourselves the target of 1996, but when we got back home 1996 seemed too far off, and 1995 was being projected. Sadly we were never to meet again.

MY FIRST HUNDRED DAYS IN ENGLAND

Late in 1953, I was compelled to leave India and make a new beginning to my life in England. Already aged 33, and coloured, I had been warned that it wouldn't be easy to find work, especially in my chosen field. For three wintry months, alone, and in dreary digs in London, I hunted for an opening only to meet with disappointment every time. And then, when the situation seemed absolutely hopeless, and I was down to my last few pounds, I landed a job so ending my agonising first hundred days in England.

I am brown. If were white, my story would not be worth telling, for this is an account of my first hundred days in England as an early immigrant. I arrived from India in 1953, with the intention of finding a job and settling with my family in England, the land of my forefathers, no matter how distant those ancestors were.

After India had won its independence in 1947, the plight of the minority communities became exceedingly precarious. This was particularly the case with Anglo-Indians - Eurasian is the term more generally recognised, but statutorily in India people of mixed British and Indian parentage were classed as Anglo-Indians. In many cases, as in mine, the Anglo alliance may have originated generations ago, and inter-marriage since then had become so tangled that the offspring that resulted came out into the world in hues ranging from dark tan to white, and all manner of intermediary shades.

The Anglo-Indian community, of barely half a million, was probably the smallest of all the races that claimed India as their home. Because of their British heritage, they tended to live a life apart from Indians themselves divided into all sorts of sects and sub-sects, and sub-sub-sects.

Anglo-Indians, because of their closer ties with the ruling class, the British sahibs, tended to receive preferential treatment in the job market, for it was they who did the donkey work, some would say the dirty work, of the government. They could be trusted to manage the essential services, the police, the customs and excise, the railways, the post and the telegraphs, and those departments which played a vital role in keeping the country stable and going. They were educated in schools, which called themselves "European". Their education was of the highest order, and they were brought up in the British way of life, which they imbibed from English literature.

They were Christians - Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists and so on. They were British to the core, the only difference being their mixed blood. As a result they rarely climbed into the highest echelons of power, whether these posts

were in government, business or whatever. At the top was always someone of the ruling class.

In 1996, immigration from India, the West Indies, Kenya, Uganda and other colonies of Africa has conditioned the British people of an awareness of the presence of variations of skin colour. But when I arrived in 1953, there were very few brown skins about, black even less so. The average British person, it became obvious to me, was totally ignorant of what the Empire, of which they were so proud, was composed. Most of them simply could not fathom out why, suddenly in their midst, a few brown skins were being encountered, speaking well nigh perfect English, well educated, and fully conversant with the English way of life.

India might have been the brightest jewel in the Crown, but how many British people actually knew how the colonies were ruled or about the complex society that was formed in them? That was the sort of situation into which I was thrown when I arrived at Southampton docks one very grey, cold, damp and misty morning in November 1953. The question often asked of me is: why did I come away? After all, emigrants from the continent sought sanctuary in England because of some religious or political persecution, but there was no such fear in India. For let it be said, the Hindu majority, by and large, are the most tolerant people in the world. The gruesome massacres that resulted from the division of India were the work of religious fanatics and political activists. It would never have occurred, if partition had been carried out without so much excitement and fever by the two main political parties, the Congress and Muslim League, with the British standing idly by, as if they could do nothing to stop it, when it was by their policies and aggravations that it was started at all.

Anglo-Indians had no fear of being slaughtered or molested anywhere. They walked with complete freedom in the most murderous quarters of Calcutta. So what happened, why did I leave?

The problem that confronted Anglo-Indians was the fear of being swamped and taken over in all directions, especially from their

cushioned jobs, by Indians who were now, quite rightly, aiming to seek redress for the years of repression from improvement in their world status. That was one factor. An even greater one was the virtual disappearance of the British way of life, which Anglo-Indians had copied to perfection. They were able to do so because the jobs they held invariably brought with them remuneration that was in excess of that paid to Indians.

Anglo-Indians could only envisage the total collapse of everything they stood for. To make matters worse, their position would never improve, it could only get worse. The only alternative, therefore, was to get out. Forget the past, the idyllic childhood which it had been their good fortune to experience, and start life afresh in a new country. These were the reasons which compelled me to make a decision that I knew was fraught with unseen pitfalls, but which, with courage and confidence in myself, had to be faced.

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Until the age of fifteen, I had been educated at the St. Joseph's European High School, Bangalore, right up to standard VIII, which meant that had I gone a year further, I would have sat for my Cambridge 'O' Level exams.

My father died in 1934, from an operation that did not appear to be serious. Had he lived, I would never have left school early for he had hopes of me entering into one of the professions. But with his death, I thought I would stand on my own two feet sooner if I got out into the world and began to earn a living. With that in mind, I asked my mother if I could join the Dufferin, the mercantile marine training ship anchored off Mazagaon, Bombay. The Dufferin ranked with the best Indian Army college, and was a most prestigious institution, with fees for the three-year course that were considerable.

The educational standards required of the cadets were very high, as they were being trained for the officer class of the merchant navy, both deck and engine room. I joined the engineering class,

passed, and spent a further three years completing my practical training at the Garden Reach Workshops, Calcutta. In 1941, I joined the Scindia Steam Navigation Co. Ltd., and was sent as a fifth engineer on SS Jalagopal, a twin-screw cargo passenger ship that plied between Calcutta and Rangoon.

Within a few months of signing up, the Japanese entered the war, and marched rapidly through the countries of south-east Asia, taking Singapore and Rangoon, which I saw fall. After Burma's collapse, over seventy ships which had taken refuge up the Hoogly river of Calcutta were asked to leave and make their way to Bombay across the Bay of Bengal where Japanese subs were lurking. By a miracle, our ship escaped being torpedoed. We reached Bombay where, within a few weeks, we were refitted as a troopship, guns fore and aft, on the poop and bridge, and capable of carrying 2,000 troops for voyages that spanned the whole Middle East.

I stayed on the Jalagopal until late in 1944, when I signed off, ostensibly to sit for my second class engineer's certificate, though, in fact, by now, I was thoroughly disgruntled with life at sea, and yearned for a complete break.

An opportunity arose, for soon after a new English daily newspaper was being launched in Bombay, by a Scotsman, N.J.Hamilton. Through the good offices of his secretary, I managed to get an interview and found myself on the editorial staff of the Morning Standard as a reporter. Promotion was swift, within a year I was sub, and in 1947 I joined the respected The Times of India as a sub, working my way through all the departments.

Then in 1948, I took a leap, one which I often wonder how I found the courage to make. I left the safety of The Times of India and went to Bangalore, my home town, to launch a new English daily, with my great friend, CGK Reddy, as general manager. This bold, but risky, enterprise was financed by an enormously wealthy clique of Indian businessmen who sought to use the power of the newspaper to prevent prohibition from being enforced in Mysore State.

Five gruelling years were spent establishing the Deccan Herald and organising a news department capable of producing four editions daily, and fighting off those newspapers already entrenched in the area. In the course of those eventful years I was married in 1952, but, as luck would have it, within six months found myself out of a job, as a result of an office coup perpetrated while I was on holiday. I rejoined The Times of India and was sent to Calcutta where a facsimile edition of the Bombay newspaper was being produced. The whole operation was doomed to failure from the start, due to poor planning, mismanagement and a lack of understanding of the Bengali readership. Within six months, scores of journalists found themselves on the streets.

Jobs for journalists in English newspapers don't come all that easily, and with so many prowling for employment, picking up something worthy of my experience and talent I knew would be very difficult. I hung around for about three months. Nothing eventful seemed to turn up. It was then that I decided to make a complete split - emigrate to England and try my luck. This rather long preamble to my first day in England is necessary for a proper understanding of the reasons that led to my decision. I did not leave India because I particularly wanted to, circumstances had made it imperative upon me to seek a new way of life. These circumstances were the result of the British Government's determination to pull out of India. During the long and sometimes acrimonious discussions with the main Indian political parties, the fate of the Anglo-Indian community was simply brushed aside. We were too small to be bothered about.

Since 1947 there had been a steady trickle of Anglo-Indians leaving for resettlement in England (as yet Australia could not be considered because of the 'white' Australia policy), mostly Army officers and other ranks who were given the chance of free passages and a generous package deal. Those with family ties, no matter how tenuous, found it easier to anchor themselves temporarily into a new setting. But for a lone person, like myself, there were struggles ahead, both mental and physical, that I could not foresee. And so it was one day I boarded the MV Batory in Bombay, and three weeks later landed in Southampton to engage in another great adventure of my life.

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That grey November morning will always remain in my memory. The Batory docked early in the morning, and after a hurried breakfast our luggage was hauled out from the hold and dumped on the dockside. When that was over, the passengers were allowed ashore to find their luggage and manhandle it into a waiting train that was due to take them to Waterloo station.

It didn't take long to suffer my first shock. I had brought with me two steel trunks, which, apart from a small suitcase containing my personal belongings for the voyage, contained also some of my treasures, a box of my favourite classical music records, all 78s, for LPs were only just making their way into the market, and a few hand-picked books from my large library. Of course records and books added weight to the trunks, but the thought never struck me that when I arrived in England there wouldn't be those wretched, fawning coolies to do the heavy work. So here was I struggling to lift these huge trunks onto a trolley, and when that was done, pushing them into the luggage compartment of the train where again the trunks had to be hauled and dragged into place without so much as anyone lifting a finger to help me. We all had our own work cut out.

The only friend I made on the voyage was an Anglo-Indian, Hugh Thomas, a chartered accountant, who was not so burdened with luggage, but in the bustle of the dockside we had lost sight of each other, luckily reuniting on the train itself. Hugh, who had a good and secure post with the Bengal Civil Service, was beginning to feel that promotion and prospects might be stifled among the razor-keen Bengalis in his department, all bent on improving their standing now that the chance came their way. His trip to England was more in the nature of a speculative one. If he felt he could adapt to England and could find something commensurate with his qualifications he would consider emigrating. Luckily for him his sister was already here, having married a serviceman during the war, so he had someone to go to. I was to stay with a complete stranger. This arrangement had been made by my music teacher, Marion Fewkes, who knew of the Hunts through relatives.

As the train chugged along, Hugh and I remained mostly silent, gazing out of the windows at the fleeting scenery so different to that which we were used to. Here was lush greenery everywhere, trees mostly bereft of leaves, 'bare ruined choirs', wisps of smoke emitting from chimneys, people earnestly trundling about, swathed in heavy clothes and overcoats.

The train eventually pulled into Waterloo station, and we all emerged. Another shock. Numerous porters, with their trolleys greeted us. Here, for the first time, was a Briton doing a job of work that would only attract the most menial staff in India. A white man working for me! And what a blessing, at least I didn't have is pitch in and haul my boxes out. That job done, Hugh suggested we have a farewell drink, so with the compliance of our porters, we trotted over to the refreshment room, which was all bustle, and ordered half a beer, bitter it turned out to be. What on earth was this? We sipped this unpalatable liquid, stood around, exchanged addresses, and duly parted, Hugh promising to ring me in due course.

We got back to our porters and asked them to take us to the taxi rank. I jumped into a taxi and told the driver my destination was 5 Acol Road, West Hampstead. After seemingly an interminable time, the taxi stopped, and I emerged on to the pavement on which I could not see anything beyond an arm's length.

The whole of London was shrouded with the dreaded smog, fog and smoke from thousands of chimneys created a thick, unwholesome and suffocating atmosphere. At 4 pm it was dark already, and palls of smog hung around everywhere. I mounted a flight of steps and rang the bell. Mrs. Hunt emerged. We shook hands. With the help of the taxi driver, which he gave grudgingly, the steel trunks were manoeuvred into the hallway, Mrs. Hunt explaining that her son, when he returned from school, would help me take them upstairs to my attic room, two flights further up. She took me into her drawing room, cosy and comfortable, and offered me tea and biscuits. We chatted about the changing situation in India, and then her son returned and together we heaved the trunks up to the landing where they rested, as the attic room was too small to take them.

My room contained a single bed, small chest of drawers, table, a lounge chair and a gas ring. Her son departed and I began to sort things out from my suitcase. At about 6 p.m. Mrs. Hunt called out, when she heard me trotting downstairs to the toilet which I shared with her son, that if I came down she would direct me to Kilburn High Road, where I could have an evening meal. Mrs. Hunt had rented me the room for £2 6s a week, but no meals were offered, though for the first three days I could have breakfast in her kitchen until I got used to shopping for myself.

I came down, I had no overcoat which, she said, was my first priority the next morning, and directed me to the high street. Simple enough if you could see where you were going! I groped my way along and hit the high street, eventually settling into a restaurant of sorts. I think I ordered fish and chips, the British 'delicacy' that I had heard about, washed down with weak tea, paid the bill and was greatly relieved to get out, as the room was stuffy and most unpleasant. I emerged into the street, and lost my whereabouts totally. I walked the length of the high street on one side of the pavement, could not find the turning into Quex Road, crossed over. There was hardly anyone on the street - and was relieved to find the road sign leading into Quex Road.
Down Quex Road I remembered I had to turn left and then a quick right, which I did, but when I entered Acol Road, I couldn't remember the number of Mrs. Hunt's house. I had completely forgotten it. I peered down the road, every one of the houses looked alike, and there were no distinguishing marks. I froze, the street was as silent as death. I walked up the street, maybe fifty yards, trotting up each flight of steps to the front door of every house, trying to catch sight of a name plate, but in the murky gloom I found this impossible.

I was stranded and getting into a panic, for I had wearily trod up and down the street twice already and was beginning to lose hope. Then it happened. Just as I approached what turned out to be Mrs. Hunt's house, I saw a face which I recognised as hers, as she parted the curtain, peering out, possibly looking for me. Never have I been more grateful to God for such a deliverance, for, by then, I was quite mentally confused and physically

weakened by the day's trauma. I opened the door, crawled upstairs and into a cold bed. What an introduction to England!

The following day was, I think, Saturday. Mrs. Hunt was determined that I should provide myself with an overcoat. It was not so much the cold that worried me as the clamminess. Anyway to keep in her good books, I walked down the high street which was crowded with shoppers bustling everywhere, and went in search of an overcoat, not too expensive as I had only brought with me a very limited sum of money, which I had worked out as approximately ú10 a week. My extravagance at the bar of the ship meant that I had to cut my weekly budget quite a bit. As the weeks rolled by I discovered that I could manage to keep body and soul together, if luxuries were put aside.

I detest window shopping, so I went into the first place where overcoats were displayed - the 50 Shilling Tailor and chose a blue-grey overcoat, paid, and walked out, well pleased with myself. The shop attendant was attentive, but a most lugubrious individual. He offered no advice. When I returned Mrs. Hunt said I had bought an unfashionable one. I was lumbered with it. The salesman had done his job. I thought about this afterwards, and promised that I would not be taken in so easily in future. Since I had to cook my own meals, some essential utensils were necessary. Mrs. Hunt provided the basics: a couple of plates, a cup and saucer, tumbler and eating implements, but whatever else I might need I had to purchase myself. That Saturday morning was too distracting, so I ate out that weekend, a luxury I would not be able to afford again. After mass on Sunday I looked around the high street, making a mental note of places to shop.

That weekend spent in solitary confinement was a most miserable one, the gas meter devoured shillings in rapid succession until I was almost at the point of running out of them. The speed at which cash was disappearing into the meter box convinced me that I had to find some other way of killing time and keeping warm.

A close study of the entertainments page of the daily newspaper provided the answer. Although I was well acquainted with the

works of the great classical composers, I had never actually attended a live performance. My knowledge had all been gained from recordings. What better way of keeping snug, and broadening my outlook on culture as well, than by spending the lunch hour at any rate at the free noonday recitals that were being given at Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's or St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

I plotted a daily routine that was seldom to be altered for the next few weeks. Leave home after the office rush, at around 9.30 a.m., and take the tube from West End Lane, West Hampstead, to Trafalgar Square. From there, depending on the state of the weather, I made my way, on foot of course, to any one of the galleries nearby, the National was my favourite, or the National Portrait, or Courtaulds, or the Wallace or the Tate. They, and many others, if there was nothing to pay, were all visited, not once but many times. Never have I subjected myself to such a culture course.

If the weather was fine, I tramped the streets of London Central, armed with my handy Visitor's London guide in my pocket. The high point of the day was the noonday recital, if there was one, or sometimes a talk at the National Gallery. At Westminister Abbey, John Dykes Bower sometimes presided at the organ, and shook the foundations of the abbey when he opened the diapason. What gorgeous sounds! I would sit there enthralled, the hunger pangs quelled, for I usually waited for the recital to end to munch my home-made sandwich in the nearby park or open space, followed by a cup of tea bought anywhere. Keeping warm was all important, so my feet took me anywhere where I could benefit from that. I waited until about 4.30 p.m. when I caught the tube back to my miserable room in Acol Road. That was how I spent Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. On Wednesday evening I bought the week's issue of the World Press News (now defunct) and spent the next two days, drafting and typing out applications for jobs that were suitable, and sometimes unsuitable, for I kept telling myself I never knew when my fate would take another turn.

For the first month I had only one thought in mind, of finding a job in my chosen profession, but after the first few weeks, when

repeated rejections and silences from prospective employers began to cast a gloom over me, I began to think that a more radical approach might be needed.

I had been warned that breaking into journalism wouldn't be easy, and these omens were certainly coming true. I tried to vary the applications, the long one, the short one, my c.v. and testimonials were impeccable, yet my applications were drawing no reply. It was most depressing. Desperate now, I tried for a subs post in Ndola, Southern Rhodesia, and was invited to make an appointment, which I did, for a week later. I had visions of working in sunny climes and blue skies, verandah houses and servants at beck and call.

Promptly, at the appointed day and time, I arrived at an office in Fleet Street, and was ushered in and told to wait. Preparing myself mentally, I was suddenly beckoned by a secretary, who led me into an office. She opened the door, and I put a few steps forward when the gentleman I was supposed to interview, came forward hurriedly and blurted out, somewhat apologetically: "Sorry, if I had known you were coloured I wouldn't have asked you to come". With that, he led me to the door and showed me out. Never have I felt so crushed in all my life. I wasn't even given a chance to sit, a chance to put my case forward. Southern Rhodesia was still a bastion of white supremacy, and privileged positions were reserved for whites only. The experience left its mark, but I couldn't afford to let it leave any lasting wound.

Sometime later I spotted an opening in the BBC. I applied for a sub-editor's post in the news department, and a few weeks later, to my surprise, was asked to attend a written test, which if I passed would be followed by an interview. The test when it came, was held in a room at the headquarters of the BBC in Portland Place. Six questions had to be answered in a space of an hour, the most difficult being a 500-word precis of the Suez Crisis White Paper, a weighty tome. With the limited time at one's disposal, reading it or even glancing through it was impossible. I trusted my memory, for I had closely followed the issues

at stake. When I was about to hand my paper in I discovered a convenient summary of the paper at the end of the book!

I came home that evening, dissatisfied with myself. I felt I had not done enough, so I was surprised to be called for an interview. I went about in a daze for a few days after that. My hopes were pinned on it, as so few opportunities had come my way. The interview, I remember, was something of a nightmare. I sat facing about half a dozen, poker-faced, well dressed, well fed men all of whom were given a chance to fire questions at me. I was not prepared for some of the carefully worded minefields through which I tried to pick my way. In the more personal questions, concerning my ability to perform, I felt I did rather well, but I hadn't done my homework on the BBC, the World Service in particular, to which I was only a casual listener in India. I had muffed it, but the interview taught me many things. The question was: when would I get another opportunity? Some two months had passed, and there was no disguising my depression.

Hugh Thomas and I met once a week to assess our position and to express an opinion of the English way of life. Some of it wasn't complimentary. Their insularity, their smugness, their stupidity in the lower grades of life, and their arrogance which we both had experienced in different ways. At that time in the fifties and early sixties, racism as we know it today hadn't shown its ugly head, but overtly it existed. Hugh told me of an occasion in the tube when the train jerked forward on taking off, and he was forced to drop his hands on to the shoulders of a well-dressed City gent, who disdainfully pushed him off and brushed his jacket down.

Both our positions looked hopeless. Hugh at least was returning home to India. Whereas, for me, there appeared to be no ray of hope showing itself anywhere. I was despondent, deeply so.

Applications went off regularly every Thursday or Friday, but brought no reaction. In the meantime, my savings were dwindling rapidly. After the seventh week it became apparent that I could not hold out for more than six or seven weeks. With defeat staring me in the face, I began to consider, for the first time,

an occupation of another sort. Giving up journalism for good would be a crushing setback, from which there might never be any recovery. I could not conceive of any editor taking on, say, a Post Office worker or a railway man to fill a vacancy in his newspaper. The break, if I made it, would have to be clean and decisive. Such was my desperation, that I actually went into an Employment Office and sought an interview for vacancies that might be suitable. Alas, the manager was adamant, my qualifications were incompatible with anything other than journalism or related subjects. I was turned down flat. It was a case of no turning back.

* * * * * *

Just before Hugh returned to India, he brought over a young Anglo-Indian, Geoffrey Small, and asked me if Mrs. Hunt would rent him the room opposite mine. Geoffrey had come over from Calcutta to look for work. A garrulous youngster of about 24, Geoffrey was a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's College, Calcutta. He had no particular training, except a fluency with written and spoken French.

Geoffrey was just the foil I needed. In my depressed state, Geoffrey when he moved in made all the difference. He could afford to be light-hearted, he hadn't been rebuffed time and time again like I had. We agreed to share the food bill. We were both capable cooks, but to try anything more ambitious in the confined space of my room with the meagre tools available would have been quite beyond us. Everything came out of tins, beans and sausages or tinned soup were our staple diet.

A single man, Geoffrey went about life in a devil-may-care attitude. Brazen and loud mouthed, he had no goals in life. Very often we parted ways in the morning, to have him trailing around would have been too overpowering. Besides, I already had my fill of the culture places which were new to him. I was seeking different fields all the time, but with money running out, I felt that a much more concerted effort would have to be made looking for work.

Geoffrey returned from the day's wandering at about 5 p.m. when the meal for the day was prepared. At about 7 or 7.30 p.m. Geoff retreated to his own room, sometimes to read, like myself, but more often to slip away and pad around the pubs, sampling the beer, to which I had taken a thorough disgust. Beer without a head!

From now on I decided to be more innovative, since applications seemed to be getting nowhere. To start with I sought out the London correspondents of three Indian newspapers. I expected short shrift, and got it. Then I went a step further. I wrote to the editor of The Times, expecting to be brusquely dismissed. In fact, Donald Tyerman, an assistant editor, asked me to see him, not, as it turned out, to offer me a job or consolation, but merely to pick my brains on the current political and economic situation in India. He questioned me closely about the stability of the political process - there was inter-caste ferment in the regional states and about personalities. That I was able to influence him was apparent from his editorial pronouncements for a long time afterwards.

Then I sought out the secretary of the Guild of Catholic Journalists. A kind and thoughtful man, he listened intently to what I had to say, but was quite blunt about prospects. About this time, Hugh Thomas returned to India. I felt his departure immensely, for he had become a more frequent visitor as the weeks dragged on. There was something so comforting about him, his absence was a void that I couldn't fill. Hugh was going back empty-handed, you might say, but his trip paid off dividends in the end.

Occasionally, I would saunter down to the offices of the Commonwealth Press Union, and meet the journalists there who rented space and a respectable address from which they worked. Freelance work was out of the question. It took months, sometimes years, to build up contacts. I wanted a steady income to keep my family in the necessities of life.

My hopeless situation was being viewed with some alarm by Mrs. Hunt. Most days she would conveniently present herself at the front door just as I was about to creep upstairs, to inquire about the latest turn of events. One day she asked me if I would

be interested in meeting someone in the PRO business, who was also an R.C. A meeting was arranged for Sunday after the 10 a.m. mass. I don't know how I got into the wrong church, the Anglican one, which turned out to be High Anglican, and sat through the whole service without so much as recognizing any difference, because there was none, except that the service was in English. I did, however, think it rather strange that after the crowded congregations of Quex Road Church, there was only a scattering of people over here. It was only when I came out - I had entered the church from a side door - and walked to the front that I noticed the sign outside. I had made an awful mistake. I hurried off to try to locate the church I should have gone to, but by then knew I would never find the man I was due to meet. I never lived that down with the Hunts.

Another reverse, but just then an application to the Nottingham Guardian brought some slender hope. After making an appointment for an interview, I caught the train, at my own expense, to Nottingham which seemed to be a dreadfully dreary place though the weather might have had something to do with this. The interview with the proprietor, not the editor which I thought odd, was brief. My qualifications seemed to impress him, but he said he did not think I had been long enough in England to understand idiomatic English, and the subtle variations of reported speech. I replied that I had found no such difficulty so far, and even suggested a trial period. I left with no definite assurance, only the usual vague promises. I knew only too well what that meant.

That afternoon I found my way to the home of my wife's cousin in Mapperley, a Nottingham suburb, where I knew that I would be offered a variation from beans and sausage! An Army doctor he had married an QAIMS nurse in India, and was now settled in Mapperley as a G.P. His English wife opened certain social doors, but if I remember correctly he did tell me that, professionally, he found many obstacles to surmount.

Returning to London on the train, I set to wondering whether I could expect some security and tranquillity which I longed for.

As a young man of the world, I had roughed it out in all manner of ways, and with all kinds of people. I was beginning to feel a bit homesick. I was burdened with the awful uncertainty of my present condition. I couldn't imagine what my newly-wedded wife, aged 20, was going through in faraway India. A mother-to-be in a few weeks, she had been taken out of a loving and protective family and put through this immense strain.

As for my mother, what was going through her head? She knew, as the train steamed out of Bangalore station on its way to Bombay, that that would probably be the last time she would set her eyes on me. A wayward, reckless son, I had given up the sea, the profession for which she had stinted ,and saved to find the means to send me to the Dufferin. Then there were the lean years as a journalist from 1945 to 1948, followed by five years of relative prosperity. Now I was forced to start all over again, and in a strange country to boot.

That Christmas, 1953, has been completely obliterated from my memory. What I did or where I went remains a mystery. I didn't know anyone, and I was counting the pennies very carefully. After the first couple of weeks of 1954, with nothing in sight, I sounded a warning note in one of my letters to my mother that perhaps I might be asking her for a return passage. I didn't want to seem too down-hearted, and brought some levity into my remarks. But I was deadly serious.

As usual every Thursday, without fail, the applications went off, one to the Hampstead and Highgate Express, London, which I had noted, was just around the corner. Another must have been to the Sheffield Star, an evening newspaper. The Star called me for an interview. I was becoming more distrustful of these invitations, but secretly harboured some hope as I boarded the train. Sheffield was worse than Nottingham. It was morning, cold, dismal in the extreme and there was snow on the streets, though none was falling. Snow was nothing new to me, I had seen more snow fall one night in Simla than one week in London.

I made my way to the offices of the Star, and saw not the editor but the news editor. He explained the routine of an evening newspaper. It sounded tough, but I had braced myself up for anything. I tried not to show any of that loss of confidence that results from a long period of unemployment. He said the editor was too busy to see me now. I returned home. Someone at the CPU told me that the Star was well known for its large turnover of staff. Was that a good or bad omen? Anyway the days passed, and that letter from the editor never arrived.

Dismayed and a little apprehensive of my plight, especially my financial standing, I suggested to Geoffrey that we eat separately in the evening, so that I could cut out the sausages and manage without them. Geoffrey wouldn't have it. With his usual sangfroid he said he felt that things were going to take a turn for the better! He never seemed to worry about his own position. He talked about going over to France. I reckoned he would have made a hit.

Out of the blue came a letter from the editor of the Hampstead and Highgate Express calling me for an interview. I telephoned and he made an appointment for a Friday about noon, he said. The Ham and High, as it was affectionately known even then, was situated in two gloomy offices in Perrins Lane, off Hampstead High Street. The main single-storeyed building housed the proprietor's office, the reporters room, the printing works and flatbed machine. Across the lane, in what must have been a ground floor flat were two rooms, probably rented, one for the editor and next door for his assistant. They were heated by a one-bar heater, and were in a most decrepit state. The furniture was falling to bits, the chairs were rickety and uncomfortable, windows uncleaned, the floor was lined with lino. A cheerless place.

Promptly at noon, I presented myself at the main office, and a lady took me over to the editor, John Parkhurst. I don't know why, but immediately he arose and we looked at each other straight in the eye, as I always do, I felt at ease and comfortable. Parkhurst spoke about the work which I knew I could manage at a doddle. He said there had been a talk at his

weekly Rotary lunch about the dire circumstances that had befallen the Anglo-Indian community. I said the outlook was hopeless, and soon thousands would be coming over. Then he said something to the effect that he knew that I could handle the job, and he would like to give me a chance, but the Ham and High had never employed a coloured person on the permanent senior staff, though he had an African trainee for a short while. I did not know then of the high esteem in which the Ham and High was held among London newspapers. He said he would like to consult his proprietor, John Goss, before finalising my employment. Mr. Goss wasn't in the office just now. Would I like to come for another interview. Of course, I said, my heart beating faster. Would I phone again on Monday and make an appointment?

The weekend dragged. I didn't say a word about my interview to Geoffrey. He knew I went, but never probed me for fear of hearing the usual doleful answer. Secretly, I was never more hopeful. There was something I liked about John Parkhurst. I guessed that he was a stickler about work, from the way the newspaper was subbed. I had been through the hard school myself, remembering the punctiliousness of Claude Scott, the Australian news editor of the Times of India, who taught me my craft.

On Monday I phoned, and Mr. Goss agreed to see me on the following day. A pleasant but somewhat taciturn man, I never did understand the purpose of that meeting. Did he just want to look me over, like a sort of museum piece? After a few minutes of desultory talk, he went over to see Parkhurst who called me and said I would be appointed on a trial basis of a week, followed by confirmation on a salary that I didn't quite hear.

What did it matter, I was working again. I started the following week, and was confirmed on February 6.

Those horrendous days of uncertainty were over, and my spirit had almost been broken. Those three months left their mark. I vowed never to be unemployed again. The fear of being out of work stalked me throughout my career. I never moved on to prestigious posts where the possibility of losing a job for reasons

other than one's competence was likely. I stayed with the Ham and High. The editor was a man of great compassion and understanding, the staff were marvellous (Gerald Issaman who retired as editor in 1994 joined as a reporter in 1955), the printers a great bunch. The pay was meagre, but enough to keep us together, just.

So, ended my first hundred days in England.

I moved out of Acol Road, and rented two rooms of a large flat in West End Lane which was occupied by an Anglo-Indian family from Calcutta or thereabouts. In June my wife and our daughter came over, and we moved again to Broomfield Park, Parliament Hill Fields, where we rented a ground floor flat. I continued work with the Ham and High until 1960 when the Rent Act gave landlords the freedom to raise rents as they pleased. I took a job with the Hertfordshire Express, Hitchin, where again I was appointed only after the proprietor had taken a look at me, and confirmed I was just a human being like everyone else! When I moved for the last time in 1966, the proprietor was also the editor. In six years I was the editor and he was no longer the proprietor.

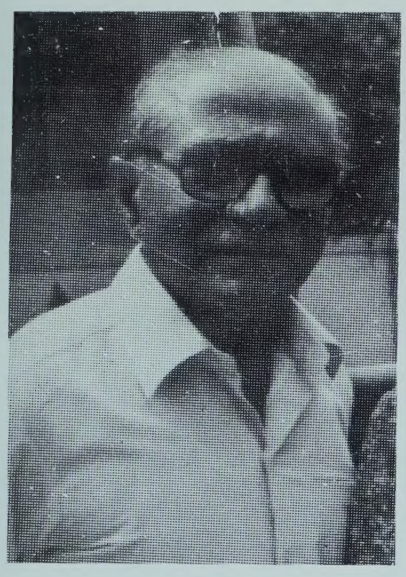
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Geoffrey moved out of Acol Road soon after I left. I heard years later that he was on the international switchboard of British Telephones.

Hugh Thomas, who left his credentials with the Institution of Chartered Accountants, was offered and took a lucrative post with the Overseas Development Corporation.

My family grew. We had two further children. My wife resumed her broken college education, and became a fully qualified teacher. My eldest daughter was a top flight secretary, now a comfortably off housewife, my son is a solicitor, his partner a librarian and counsellor. My youngest daughter is a graduate and teacher, her husband is also a graduate teacher. We have four grandchildren altogether.

Writers such as John Masters have maligned the Anglo-Indian community, who are made to look as negative lackeys with no ambition. We have among us in England lawyers, doctors, accountants, artists and musicians, teachers, pop stars and priests. They are to be found in every walk of life, proving that the same old qualities that made them so indispensable to the British in India make them coveted employees here also. Why are Anglo-Indians so ashamed of coming out in the open and acknowledging their roots? Merle Oberon went to great lengths to suppess her parentage and there are many others doing the same. White Anglo-Indians used the euphemism 'domiciled Europeans' to make them more acceptable to the British. Anglo-Indians can read them from a mile.



Eric Scott was born in India in 1920. He was educated in Bangalore at St. Joseph's European High School until 1935, and then at the I.M.M.T.S. Dufferin from 1936 to 1938. After three years at sea he left to join the Morning Standard in 1944, and then The Times of India in 1945. He joined the Deccan Herald in 1948 and left in August 1953, rejoining The Times at Calcutta later that year, the edition which crumpled within less than six months. In November of that year he left India to seek work as a journalist in England. In 1953 a coloured journalist working on a newspaper in Britain was unheard of. He was eventually given the chance to show his mettle at the Hampstead and Highgate Express, one of London's best weeklies. Six years later he moved to Hitchin where he joined the Hertfordshire Express, moving on again in 1966 as assistant editor and then editor of the Countryside Group of Magazines - Essex Countryside, Hertfordshire Countryside and Buckinghamshire and Berkshire Countryside. While with the Countryside Group, he launched his own County Guide Publications, which later became Egon Publications. He retired to Portugal in 1985, but continued as editor of Contact, a quarterly magazine. He commuted to London every ten weeks to put it to press. He is now back in England.

SANTA CLAUS ASKS FOR HELP

(Continued From Page 6)

addition, as many of the letters no stamps, and, each unstamped er cost the Association the equi- nt of fourpence, there was a ly big bill to foot An appeal is appearing in the Danish press money contributions and volun- s to help to reply to the letters. official of the Association told me, gradually, that response to the eal had been immediate.

But" he added, "at the present , we shall have a million letters, t Christmas, and what shall then!"

A National Pastime

oday, Miss Stauning's little d and unsung Christmas e ks like becoming a Danish al pastime. But more funds needed. The cost of replyin 00 letters is estimated at Kr. 1 750)—including the little

he Danes, however, seem to idea of any child's letter answered and ample funds ected to be forthcoming.

Here are three of the letters ved this year:

William Smyth, of 77, Killala ra West, Dublin, Ireland, wr

Dear Father Xmas,

I am a boy of 12 years old uld be very thankful if you me have a fountain pen a mpass-set as my daddy is sick able to buy them for me a d them for school."

John (or possibly Jan) Gle g, of 8, Harrington Square, , N.W. 1., wrote:

Dear Father Christmas,

I am 6 years old and my fr me that you are not real, dad told me to write to you d out for myself.

If you are real, please answe ter. I have a little sister c squeline."

Barbara Long, of 45, Dorn use, Wandsworth, London, wrote

Dear Father Christmas,

Please send me the surprise r said was in the paper.

I would like a pair of roller sk Christmas. Michael want im set, I still want a walky l, if you can get one this ye

There is no chimney here. ll you come up? Shall I leave ndow open for you."

Santa Claus, too, has a messag s public. He told me: "I sha ry happy indeed, if the child w ite the letter himself and let rents write his name and addr

Motion For Transfer Of French India To Union

M. SARAVANE INCLUDES REFERENDUM CLAUSE

PARIS, December 2.

M. LAMBERT SARAVANE, the French Indian Deputy, stated last night that he had amended his motion tabled in the French National Assembly, calling for the transfer to the Indian Union of the four French Indian Settlements of Pondicherry,

Eric Scott looks back on the first five years of Deccan Herald, from 1949 to 1953.

Late in 1953, he was compelled to leave India and make a new begining to his life in England. Already aged 33, and coloured, he had been warned that it wouldn't be easy to find work, especially in his chosen field. For three wintry months, alone, and in dreary digs in London, he hunted for an opening only to meet with disappointment every time. And then, when the situation seemed absolutely hopeless, and he was down to his last few pounds, he landed a job.... so ending his agonising first hundred days in England.

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dian delegate affirmed, "that ry small part of these astron l sums now spent on what I ll destructive purposes coul verted to constructive purpose e under-developed areas of the orld, serve to wipe out the root- use of all disorder." In voicing the ntiments India has undoubtedly oken the minds of many tens o illions, particularly in Asia's new ates. It remains for the future to ow whether these aspirations find rm in a fixed middle constellation the international firmament. Un ubtedly they would if they could t . . .

second chamber to replace the 80 year-old Legislative Council.

The Legislative Council (Upper House), which voted itself out of existence earlier this year, rose for the last time yesterday.

But political circles here regard as "highly unlikely" early establishment of any new Upper House.

Mr. Holland is believed to be anxious to give the single chamber system a long trial.—PTI.—Reuter.

five members, was also constituted to inquire into the difficulties of handloom weavers in the State due to yarn shortage and take up the matter with the State and Central Governments for redressing their grievances.

A third committee was appointed to go into the food situation in the State and draw up plans for easing the situation in consultation with the State Government.—PTI.

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